THE

LADY's

MONTHLY MUSEUM.

AUG. 1806.

PRINCESS ELIZABETH.

THE Princess Elizabeth is the third daughter of our most gracious Sovereign, and the seventh in succesion of the royal progeny of Great Britain. Alike amiable as the Princess Augusta, whose portrait we gave in our last number, she particularly excels in liveliness of disposition, and has a mind susceptible of the most exquisite feelings of humanity. Every one who has had the gratification of seeing this amiable Princess at the theatres, when any interesting and feeling character has been brought forward, will conclude, that her temper and disposition are formed of the mildest materials, and that her mind is enlightened by the lamp of intelligence: she is a great proficient in the elegant sister arts of Poetry and Painting, with which she fills up her leisure hours; and, though the public have only had a few specimens of her excellence in these, yet those who are in habits of intimacy with the royal family, have had many opportunities of witnessing her talents in them, as well as in planning the *dejeunes* given by the Queen to the young nobility.

OLD WOMAN.

N° XCV.

IT has often been matter of pleasing reflection to observe, of late years, the attention which has been paid to the *moral culture of young minds*, by writers of the first distinction in the republic of letters. Learning and Genius have been equally zealous to stoop from their eminence, in the Temple of Fame, in order to make a friendly, an affectionate—I might say, a parental visit, to the nursery and school-room, there to distribute, among the little inhabitants, tokens of loving kindness and good will. The jargon and nonsense that used to infest those places are exploded; and, in their stead, things equally pleasant, and far more profitable, are substituted. We are no longer pestered with the nurse's or nursery-maid's unmeaning prattle of *Georgee-Porgee* shall ride in the *Waggney-Taggney*, on the *Horsee-Porsee*, or in the *Coachey-Pochee:* but we hear the well-selected words of elementary good sense, related in an attractive tale, or simple story, adapted to the growth, and even to the *gradations* of understanding, from infantile to mature perception: and thus is the "young idea" taught to shoot forth, not the ungrammatical routine of a garrulous old woman, nor the equally senseless flippancy of a young one; but the curious listener, or reader, is initiated in the language of truth, or of fiction, acting as her hand-maid and her ally. Names, venerated by Science, and dear to the Muses, have contributed their flowers and their fruits to this worthy purpose, highly to their own credit, and the benefit of the tender objects of their care.

I have, nevertheless, remarked, that most of the new rudimental volumes, addressed to the small people, exhibit tales and adventures tending to emblazon the characters and conduct of papas and mammas, uncles and aunts, and other *principals* of a family. Now, as wisdom and virtue are, or ought to be, characteristic of the grey head, I am ready to admit this as a general truth, but it becomes the duty of an experienced, matronly observer, like myself, to notice, that the *heads of houses* are, occasionally,

as wrong as the persons whom they govern: and, where the *roots* are defective, there will always be some injury done to the *branches*.

I shall devote this lucubration, to illustrate this assertion, by a few examples—each calculated, I trust, to prove that fathers and mothers, yea granna*ms* and granne*es*, may catch a salutary hint, now and then, from an *Old Woman*.

I shall confine myself to half a dozen, out of, at least, half a hundred cases of error, in the system of papas and mammas, namely, the *cramming* system—the *starving* system—the *spoil'd-child* system—the *snubb'd-child* system—the *knock-down* system, and the *make-it-up* system. All equally absurd, imprudent, and subversive of every purpose of happiness and wisdom.

And first, of the *cramming* system. This system is usually adopted, and carried on by the mamma, who thinks that Master and Miss should begin to eat and drink from the moment they rise to that in which they lie down in their beds: nay, not unfrequently, a sour apple, a greasy wad of bread and butter, a sickly lozenge, a nauseously sweet cake, or a fulsome pack of sugar-plumbs, are thrust into their hands, or laps, as bribes for going from mamma's presence. The *Crammer* is of opinion, a child who is always *growing* should be always *gorging*. If, in consequence of indigestion, it labours with its load, mamma observes, that something should be taken to keep the wind out of the *poor child's* stomach: if Nature tries to relieve herself, by a salutary sickness, in which superfluities are thrown from the stomach, mamma is sure the poor child wants something solid: if that quarrels with the digestion, the *poor child* is instantly drenched with fluids. If, after a sleep, disturbed by excess, the *poor child* seems pale, or red, and complains of its little bowels, it must have panada, sago, or gruel, with *something good* (that is spirituous or sweet) in it: and, if the result of all this is blotches, a fever, or a surfeit, the *poor child* is laid in its bed, and *crammed* every half hour with something to prevent its *losing its strength*. Thus, if it escapes death, it catches the *mamma-disorder*, and only recovers, by the force of medicine or nature, to catch it again: because, what mamma, that loves her offspring, can let *the poor thing* call,

sigh, or cry, for want of any thing with which she can supply it?

The *starving system*, which is also generally caught from the mother, is as bad. In this plan, the child is to be stinted in every thing. The modest temperance of Nature must not be observed, because one sort of food is too astringent, another too laxative. One spoils the complexion, another the teeth, a third injures the breath; this engenders bile, that flatulence. Now the growth is impeded, now it shoots, to the weakening the constitution. "Pray, my darling, do not ask for this thing, 'twill nourish worms; do not, dearest, touch that dish, 'twill bring on the cholic; that pudding, my dear, is too heavy, and that is too doughy: avoid those ugly things, my sweet love, they will bring on a consumption; nor those, my beauty, which may produce a fever." Thus the *darling*, the *dearee*, the *sweet love*, and the *beauty*, is indiscriminately denied every thing, till a premature wasting comes on, and the doating mother (aided and abetted not seldom by the father) is *starved* into as many diseases (or into *one* that is fatal) as the other was *crammed* with.

Now the *spoiled child* and the *snubbed child* systems furnish a curious contrast, and should therefore be exhibited nearly together. The spoiled child may do any *wrong*, without its being thought so: the snubbed one can do *nothing right*, even if it, in reality, does little or nothing *wrong*. Does the former break a watch, or smash a favourite piece of China?—pappa and mamma find out 'tis a frolic, and one can't put old heads on young shoulders. Does he rob a hen-roost, or an orchard?—the lad's spirit must not be broke for that: it shews genius. Does he, in the progress of such kind of talents, purloin silver from pappa's purse?—how easily is he tried and acquitted! the young rogue will come to be hanged if he goes on; but his wild oats will all be sown in good time, and he will not turn out the worse man for having been a spoiled boy. Besides, "his father did so before him," and who can say his father is not as good as his neighbours?

Not so the poor snubbed child. Does *he*, however careful his disposition, break only the *glass* of a watch? a word and a blow are the consequences. Does he, poor fellow,

drop a tea-cup, or even a tea-spoon, which breaks not?—"How can the boy be so stupid!" demands pappa, giving him a thump on one side. "Mind what you are about, Sir," says mamma, thumping him on the other. Does he purloin an apple, or undermine a tart of its gooseberries?—even Mrs. Betty presumes to imitate her betters, drives him from the pantry with her broom, or sprinkles him with her mop: although she would have been turned out of the house herself had she dared to lift either against the spoiled young master. Lastly, does the luckless snubbed youth fail to perform the task allotted, and purposely too hard for him? the omission of his head is severely punished, and he is accused as a dunce: whereas, had the offence been committed by the spoiled child, he would have been excused on the plea of too much attention to books hurting the eyes, and making the head ache.

Lastly, the *knock-me-down* and *make-it-up* systems, are, if possible, more ridiculous than any of the rest, and should likewise be mentioned as a warning to parents. Hasty pappas and mammas, who are said to be "very good fathers and mothers in the main," have a curious method of shewing natural affection. A child, the darling of their hearts, does something to offend.—*Slap*, and down tumbles the poor little sinner. The parent fears he is hurt by the fall, more than the blow, and, raising the child, gives him a kiss, and *makes it up*, and says, "You should not be naughty, my dear; but you know I am *hasty*. There's a good child, don't do so any more."

Another instance, taken *from the life*. A little boy, (another darling), receives this moment the kisses, the embraces of mamma, for some real or fancied prettiness, and is fondled, as it were, in the lap of love: a butterfly passes, and the child pursues it, but tumbles in running, and getting up with difficulty, cries, both from pain and vexation. Mamma, being rather *hasty*, picks him up only to give him a good thump on the shoulder, which knocks him down again. He roars manfully at this, which so vexes the rather *hasty* mamma, that she catches up the darling of her soul, and all the time she is flogging him, observes, "she will now make him roar for something." Thus he is first punished for falling, which he could not help; he is then punished

for the tears consequent on his fall; and, lastly, he is punished because he did not suffer enough before.

If it be true that "Just as the twig is bent, the tree's inclined," I pray you, pappas and mammas, do not twist it and bend it so capriciously that 'tis curtailed of its fair proportions, before its growth is established?

THE MONTHLY ESSAYISTS.

N° I.

Science is not science till reveal'd.
DRYDEN.

IN opening the present paper, I conceive it necessary to bestow some attention upon that grand source whence all human information is derived, namely, Idea.

Idea is that object of the mind which it perceives in thinking, and has been divided (and perhaps with some propriety) into the serious, gay, and frivolous; but at present I shall only consider them in the aggregate, yet still appearing under different forms, according to the different dispositions of mankind; for it is well worthy of note, that, however good or genuine the ideas of any two men may be on any one particular subject, yet if each was to communicate his thoughts, separately, unknown, or unaided by the other, there would be found scarcely any similarity in manner, expression, or even in the idea itself; though each might consider the subject rightly, and in its proper sense, yet there still would be important circumstances, that the one had passed over slightly, not named at all, and, if he had, treated them in a manner opposite to his competitor.

What might be considered as the spontaneous effusion of thought, generally arises from some collateral circumstance; this is its spring of action, this is the principal movement of the whole: but this stimulus may in itself be so insignificant as not to be remarked, or so transitory as to pass away with the moment; it may be compared to the cackling of geese, that saved the Roman camp, it rouses the mind to action, it gives energy to thought.

As it is a point not to be controverted in philosophy, that all the actions of the body, and that all the various functions of the different senses are acquired, and not natural endowments, (for although their means are inherent, yet they require a certain something to call them forth, and a certain degree of action to perfect them) so it is in the Mind: for though the degrees of natural perfection vary more than in the corporeal system, yet still they may be *justly* estimated according to their degree of use, as well as by the manner in which they were perfected.

It may be here urged, that natural genius, or capacity, is the source whence all good ideas spring, and that not all the use, education, or care in the world can render the dullard wise: this is certainly true, but it still does not prove that those means would not render such a one wiser than he otherwise would be. 'Tis said that the immortal Cicero, not content with what the authors of antiquity had written upon education, or what all the philosophers of his age could teach, wrote a book entirely for the purpose of instructing his son; yet after all these energetic means were taken, the youth proved a very dullard.

But it must be admitted, that the bias of mind varies, and it not unfrequently occurs that the true course of talent is misguided, from its being unseen, either from the ignorance, or from the inattention of those who instruct. The earliest lessons of life take the deepest root in the mind; hence those prejudices, those fatal prejudices arise, which bid defiance to reason, and only die with the last gasp of life.

The passions also have no small influence in the origin of Ideas, as they form the principal feature, and may be truly esteemed as the principal source. Man being naturally ambitious, or rather (let me call it) envious, the limits of Thought are unbounded, and frequently outstrip probability, and even possibility: hence the origin of the most frequent cause of human misery—disappointment.

From this I should be inclined to advance it as my opinion, that naturally, (i. e.) without education, we possess the requisites for thinking, but that Thinking itself is only to be acquired and perfected by its own action; and moreover, if these principles were rightly managed, and applied according to their proper biases, there would be scarcely any difference,

comparatively, in point of capacity, among mankind; there might, and most probably would be, some who would outsoar expectation; but we should esteem such, as possessing a more abundant share of natural instinct than the human race in general.

But to establish this doctrine, it would be necessary accurately to consider whether parentage has any influence in these requisites, and more minutely to enquire into the effects as well of education as of prejudice: but to investigate this properly, I must not only trace man from infancy to puberty, but from a state of original barbarity to modern refinement.

But as such investigation would exceed my stated limits, and as my readers may expect some account of the Monthly Essayists, I must, for the present, defer it, and conclude with a short description of their society.

They some time since wrote separately to this work, and from that, more than from any other circumstance, became acquainted, and have formed themselves into a society, with a determination, *might and main*, to support the New Series. The President sent the foregoing essay to open the paper with. He is rather seriously inclined; but as for Jack Rover, when he heard the paper read, he vociferously exclaimed—

How many write who never think at all!

Now Jack is very fond of company, and is here, there, and, at times, every where, and, I can assure my readers, is a youth of some modesty, and of much gallantry; he has promised, (and I do not doubt his word) that he will tell the world all he knows, and says too, the ladies shall hear a little of his mind: but though he is a rantipole fellow, yet there is a great deal of truth in him for all that.

The next is Tagverse, who is so very fond of chiming that he can scarcely speak out of measure. He is very satirical, and will, I doubt not, crack many a hearty joke, at the expence of his neighbours. Last club night, when asked his opinion of Thought, he burst forth impromptu—

Let pedants croak their fusty wit, the thoughts of ancient schools, Sirs,
Let critics snarl, let cynics rave, and think mankind are fools, Sirs;
For me I hate such abstruse thought, my brain's not form'd for thinking,
I judge of men not by their minds, but by their pow'rs of drinking.

In a word, he is all life and spirit, and abjures dull form and monotony.

As for the rest, they desire me to say they intend speaking for themselves. Kind reader, farewell, at least for the present.

This is to certify, that the above description of the above named society was, (in their presence) written by me,

TOBIAS QUIZZEM, SEC.

THE OLD BACHELOR.

(Concluded from p. 36.)

THOUGH the fair sex are not allowed the privilege of making the first advances, yet Matilda M— resolved to deviate from the general plan, and, through the medium of a friend, Horatio received the intelligence of Matilda's favourable opinion of him; and at that friend's instigation was induced to make an offer of his hand. Matilda was universally pronounced a fine woman, though near ten years older than the object of her choice; she had twenty thousand pounds at her own disposal, in addition to a very beautiful estate. Such an alliance, therefore, was not to be rejected; Horatio had two sisters, the one seventeen and the other sixteen years of age, and to these young ladies Matilda professed so violent an attachment, that she would scarcely bear them out of her sight. These charming girls were, in a great measure, dependant upon their brother, as five hundred pounds each was all they possessed; and as Matilda proposed their constantly residing with them, he had a double motive in offering her his hand. This amiable young man had been married about four years when I paid a visit at his house; he was father of two lovely children, a little boy and girl.

I arrived rather late in the evening, as the weather was intensely hot; supper had been a short time detained for me, which the lady of the mansion *politely* thought proper to let me know. I easily perceived, by her form, that she was in that situation which entitles females to indulge whim and caprice, and when we sat down to supper Matilda complain-

ed of being very sick. The ducks, could they have spoken, would have declared their unbelief of this assertion, and the peas were likewise greedily devoured; a dish of strawberries and cream received equal marks of attention from the voracious invalid. Eliza, the elder of Horatio's sisters, unfortunately helped herself to part of the latter dish, but, as I evidently perceived the lady was disconcerted by it, I refused taking any part, although Horatio pressed me, and Eliza put some on my plate. This was too much for the *longing appetite* of Matilda, and she burst forth into a copious flood of tears. "My dearest love, what is the matter?" inquired her anxious husband, eagerly rising from his seat. "*Nothing, nothing,*" said the afflicted fair one, "I beg you will not give *yourself* any *concern* about ME; yet a little *delicacy,* I should think, might be paid to my *situation;* you know I have not been able to *relish* any thing for this *week;* and those strawberries and cream I had quite set my heart upon; I dare say the child will be *marked.*" "Surely there never was such an unfortunate creature, for at the very moment I *saw* Eliza help herself, I unluckily *stroked* my *face!*—Oh, my dear soul, if it should be a *little girl,* think what I shall suffer to see my *strawberries* and *cream upon its face.*"

In vain did Horatio endeavour to sooth her; and in vain was the servant ordered to bring in a fresh supply; for not one particle would she touch, and continued blubbering and sighing just like a whipped child. Sincerely did I pity poor Eliza, who would willingly have disgorged her stomach to set her sister-in-law at peace; and as I found our comfort was completely destroyed for that evening, I retired to my chamber, under the pretence of being fatigued. As soon as I arose on the following morning, I amused myself by walking over Horatio's beautiful grounds, which descending from the house in a slope that was enchanting, terminated by the river Thames. An arched cove, rendered fragrant by woodbines, received a six-oared barge, constructed upon a plan so completely accommodating as to defy both wind and rain.

I viewed the surrounding prospects with emotions of transport and delight; and involuntarily exclaimed, "This is Elysium! this is *heaven upon earth.*" Turning round, I be-

held Eliza, who had distinctly heard my remark, who, smiling, observed, that *angels* did not dwell in it, or it would not contain so much discontent. This retort of Horatio's sister led to a serious conversation, and I found that my friend was prevented from enjoying the good things he possessed by the capricious temper of the being who ought to have contributed to his peace.

A servant now summoned us to breakfast. We found Matilda stretched upon a Grecian couch, whilst her fond husband was sitting by the side of her, procuring an artificial air from a fan. I spoke with transports of their situation; expressed a desire of rowing down the Thames, and taking a cold collation with us, for the purpose of dining upon the grass. When I made the proposal I was convinced that Matilda would object to it, from the account I had just heard, but to my utter astonishment she entered into it with avidity and glee; two boatmen were accordingly sent for, and the gardener, coachman and footman, ordered to equip; and Horatio, who was passionately fond of rowing, in five minutes made his appearance in a waterman's dress. Cold lamb, tongue, and chickens, fortunately happened to be in the house; Horatio and myself descended into the cellar, and packed up a hamper of bottled porter and wine. The clergyman of the village, accompanied by a young Oxonian, made their appearance just as we were setting off, which I perceived rather disconcerted Matilda, as her husband invited them to join our party on the water. Pleasure illumined the countenance of both sisters, at the unexpected addition of these young men, who Horatio, in a *whisper*, informed me, were professed admirers of the girls. I therefore offered my services to Matilda, which were rather coolly received; however, as I resolved she should not spoil the pleasure of the party, I took not the slightest notice of her caprice, but as soon as we were seated in the boat drew a flute from my pocket, and began playing the Sicilian hymn.

Every time the oars moved, Matilda soon began to think it prudent to express alarm, for the party were too well satisfied with their amusement for her to allow it to be enjoyed for a length of time; and after alternately screaming and squalling, without the slightest reason, she declared her reso-

lution of being put on shore. Her obedient husband offered to accompany her; but this did not exactly answer her views, which evidently were to torment his sister, and which is vulgarly denominated *spoil sport*. For this purpose she declared that Horatio should not quit the boat, but that Mr. Mansel, Eliza's admirer, should walk with her along the shore, and that Mr. Benson, Selina's lover, should be dispatched to a farm-house in Richmond Park, for the purpose of informing the inhabitants a party of ladies and gentlemen intended dining there; as, upon a little reflection, she knew it would be death to her to dine upon the grass.

Having thus far succeeded in spoiling the pleasure of the party, Matilda quitted the boat with an exulting smile; and though I offered to supply the place of Mansel, she declared she would not suffer me to be separated from my friend; "for though I am flattered, Sir," said she, "by your politeness, I would not for the world prevent you from enjoying the society of my beloved H." Though Matilda is not naturally talkative, yet she was every minute bawling to those in the boat; and to prevent her from thinking we were inattentive to her observations, we were under the necessity of *rowing* close to the shore, in fact, *punting* would be a more proper expression, for we touched the ground at every stroke of the oar.

At length, Mr. Editor, Horatio proposed landing, as he began to fear his wife would accuse him of neglect; and as all our lungs were pretty well exhausted by conversing with that accomplished creature, no one attempted to oppose his plan, particularly as Benson had joined her, with the agreeable intelligence that the farmer's house was at her command. Having therefore secured the boat, the servants were dispatched with the hampers, and ordered to see an early dinner arranged, whilst the company amused themselves by strolling about the Park. Mansel instantly offered his arm to Eliza; Benson was in the act of intreating Selina to take his, when Matilda called to him, and desired him to be her beau for the day, saying that she knew Horatio had a thousand things to tell me, and desiring us to lead the way. I could willingly have led her into the river, in the hope of washing her caprices away; and I could not help observing to Horatio, that I thought his wife did not study

the happiness of his sisters-in-law. "Oh!" replied he, smiling, "she does this in fun; she knows Benson is attached to Selina, yet cannot refuse walking with her."

"The *motive* by which she is *influenced*, is truly amiable," I replied, in an ironical tone of voice. "She is an oddity I allow;" he replied with a sigh, "yet recollect that all the comforts we enjoy were derived from my wife; and was I not to study *her happiness*, I should think myself a perfect brute." By this time we had reached the farm-house, and found the table ready spread; yet Matilda declared there was not a single article of which she could partake. A servant was instantly dispatched to the castle at Richmond for an undressed fowl, strawberries, and green pease, as the farmer's wife offered to cook the *sick lady* any dish she liked. The man returned much sooner than I could have conceived possible; the fowl was instantly put to the fire, but no sooner had Matilda taken a piece of it, than she declared it tasted of *wood smoak;* the peas had likewise imbibed the same flavour, and could not be touched.

A bowl of rich cream was then procured to mix with the strawberries, but, alas! the *sugar was coarse;* in short, every article which was placed before her underwent some reproof; and so completely disgusted was I with her conduct, that I resolved not to subject myself to her caprices a second day. I quitted the party, vexed beyond endurance, and strolling down to the river side, hailed a boat I perceived making towards London, and upon seating myself in it found my mind relieved. Early the next morning I dispatched a letter to Horatio, informing him, that, as I was *not a married man*, I could not submit to the caprices of any woman under the sun; and that though I admired *his philosophy*, I never again intended seeing it put to the test.

This, Mr. Editor, is a true account of three visits to my married acquaintance; and as I fear I have already carried my letter to an enormous length, I will defer a farther description of *connubial happiness* to the ensuing month,

And remain, dear Sir,

Your devoted humble servant,

AN OLD BACHELOR.

THE WHITE SERGEANT,

A Petit-Comedy, in Two Acts,

BY H***Y S******E, AUTHOR OF THE "CANDIDATES."

"And let that thing, weak woman, have her way."

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

M'TEAZ'EM,	CAPTAIN FITZWATER,
MOUBRAY,	SIR FLIPPANT MODISH.
MRS. M'TEAZ'EM,	MARIA.
EMILY,	

ACT I. SCENE I.

I INSIST upon it, Mr. M'Teaz'em, you are in the wrong; you would persuade me out of my senses.

M'Teaz. Why, I really think, my dear, that would be an unnecessary trouble, for I should conclude, from your present mode of arguing, you are already deprived of them.

Mrs. M'Teaz. How can you be so provoking? is there a plainer case? Now I'll explain it to you——

M'Teaz. My dear, it requires no explanation; your folly and extravagance have risen to such a height, during my absence, that a total change of conduct is necessary: yes, Mrs. M'Teaz'em, a total change of conduct, I say.

Mrs. M'Teaz. A change of conduct, indeed! think you I will not regulate and govern my house as I please?

M'Teaz. You do not govern, but are govern'd and sway'd by every new fashion and folly of the time.

Mrs. M'Teaz. Well, well, go on Sir, this is always the way; you still reserve your ill-humours for me.

M'Teaz. True, madam, when a husband, on return to his home, instead of finding a wife to welcome him, sees her immersed in pleasure and dissipation, he is likely to preserve but an indifferent humour in her presence. There's Emily, too, has got the cursed infatuation, and has con-

stantly a levy of every powdered coxcomb in town, whilst you are visited by all the antiquated dowagers and broken fortunes in the neighbourhood.

Mrs. M'Teaz. What do you mean, Sir, by coming and using this abusive language to me? Will you never learn a little politeness? Is it not for the girl's interest to mix with the fashionable world? Who knows what may turn up? She receives very marked attentions from several young men.

M'Teaz. A parcel of necessitous sharpers. Now, Dorothy, if you would be but a little reasonable, I can tell you a piece of news that I am sure will please you. The son of my old friend Morley, is now in England: you must recollect I proposed him to you for a son-in-law about two years ago, but his regiment being, at that time, ordered abroad, prevented my introducing him to you and Emily: no tidings having since been heard of him, he was, in general, supposed to have perished, but I am happy to find the report untrue: in meeting him yesterday, I renewed my promise to him of Emily's hand, and I am in hourly expectation of receiving a visit from him.

Mrs. M'Teaz. Do you not think this very strange conduct, Mr. M'Teaz'em, to go and make any such promise without first asking my advice?

M'Teaz. Why, my dear, I knew you would be perfectly agreeable.

Mrs. M'Teaz. You did, did you?

M'Teaz. Yes, for it will prove a very advantageous match; he is a very worthy young man, and his friends, I have no doubt, will do very handsomely for him.

Mrs. M'Teaz. Who, pray, let me know, Sir, is the most proper person to judge of such a subject, you or me? Answer me that, Sir.

M'Teaz. There, now, Dorothy, you fly out again: why can't you reason the matter coolly?

Mrs. M'Teaz. Coolly! Mr. M'Teaz'em, you are enough to tire the patience of any woman; talk of being cool, you'd give one leave to reason, truly, without the power to act.

M'Teaz. Let me entreat you, now, to keep your temper.

Mrs. M'Teaz. Temper—why you put one out of all temper to hear you talk.

M'Teaz. Well, well, then, I must leave you.

Mrs. M'Teaz. A woman may have no will at all, I see, if she did not exert her spirit. After all the trouble I have had, in bringing Mr. Moubray and her together, to have all my plans overthrown—

Servant. Mr. Moubray, madam.

Mrs. M'Teaz. Oh, shew him up immediately;—I find I must push the affair with him, or something may intervene to counteract all my designs for the girl's welfare. Mr. Moubray, I am extremely glad to see you.

Moubray. Madam, I return the compliment: but where is the charming Miss Emily? shall I not have the pleasure of asking her how she does?

Mrs. M'Teaz. Oh, she is only in the next room, and, I believe, drest, to go out this evening: I'll send her to you.

Moubray. How my mind is agitated! the affair of last night is certainly of a suspicious nature; I cannot rest until it is cleared up; yet it is painful to suspect her for a moment: her father, I find, is ignorant with respect to my having taken up my uncle's name on coming into his property, and he will, no doubt, propose me to her as the son of his old friend Morley; I will not undeceive him, as it may be the means of trying her constancy.

Enter EMILY.

As usual, I hear, going abroad in search of pleasure, encircled by fashion; Emily, you forget your humble Moubray; some wealthier suiter, I fear, may wean your affection from me.

Emily. Cannot my repeated assurances to the contrary satisfy your doubting mind?

Moubray. Yet, 'tis but natural; you, doubtless, retain a partiality for your first suiter, your thoughts sometimes revert, and view, with sorrow, the cause that prevented your union.

Emily. No, believe me, as a man whom I should have rejoiced to have called my friend, I pity him for his misfortunes, and revere his virtues; but I am wholly ignorant both of them and of his personal qualifications, but from

report: thus, I never entertained any other regard for him than what a noble and generous mind demanded.

Moubray. Your warmth, in his behalf, seems to say, that, did he still exist, he would not be a neglected lover.

Emily. You, indeed, mistake me: though, as a man whose virtues would benefit his fellows, I should rejoice to hear that he still existed; there is nothing on earth could induce me to know him by a nearer title than a friend.

Moubray. Indeed! but think you time might not make you change this opinion?

Emily. How can you entertain such an idea; have I a wish that is not centred in you?

Moubray. The man may boast of his probity that has always lived in affluence; the devotee may talk of his rectitude that has never met with temptations; but strip the one of his riches, and place the gilded pleasures of the world before the other, and their actions then are no longer guided by principle or virtue.

Emily. How can you encourage this cynical disposition?—

Moubray. I speak thus of human nature, madam, from having experienced its baseness: where I have placed my friendship, have I met with treachery; and, where the open look of sincerity silenced mistrust, have I found deceit.

Emily. I vow you grow quite ill-temper'd.

Enter SERVANT.

Servant. Captain Fitzwater, madam.

Emily. Oh, shew the captain up.

Moubray. The cause of all my misery! 'twas him I saw last night steal through these doors.

Emily. Captain, I am heartily glad you happened to drop in, if it's only to counterbalance Moubray's ill-humour.

Capt. Fitz. A common love tête-à-tête, I suppose, madam; I can, in some degree, account for the gentleman's ill humour; he was detain'd rather late at Sir Harry Soaker's last night; a variety of cross circumstances conspired to keep him, such as good friends, good wine, and an unusual flow of spirits: and now his head reproaches him.

Moubray. By what authority, Sir, do you take upon you to be censor of my actions?

Capt. Fitz. My dear friend——

Moubray. Base prostitution of the sacred name!

Capt. Fitz. By my soul! I believe the world has lost its wits; I can stir or move no way, this morning, but I meet with some cross adventure. Walking down the Mall just now, I saw Lady Frizzle at her window; so I rapt at the door to pay my respects to her ladyship, when a great big fellow, seated in a round leathern thing like a sentry-box, told me she was just gone out: Ah, ah! my lad, says I, you have been asleep upon duty, or you would have known who had escaped from the garrison to-day. So I was making the best of my way up stairs, when her ladyship, to convince me she was not at home, told me so herself over the bannister.

Emily. I hope you was convinced that the gentleman in the sentry-box had not misinformed you.

Capt. Fitz. True, madam, it was a proof there was no withstanding; so I turned upon my heel, and had scarce walked a dozen paces from the door, when I met my Lord Hazard lounging very agreeably down the street. Ah! my dear Fitzwater, I am heartily glad to see you, at the same time placing his arm within mine, and very politely hurrying me the contrary way to that which I was going: where have you been burying yourself for this century past? Egad! there are two fine girls: do you know them, Fitzwater? At this instant two noble peers came up, when my lord, relinquishing my arm, placed himself between them, and turning his head over his shoulder, as he walked away, with a slight nod, left me staring in the street.

Emily. I did not know you had so many noble friends, captain.

Capt. Fitz. Why, truly, madam, they find me a very useful kind of a fellow; I laugh, game, and drink with them; and, upon occasion, can fight for them; I can deliver a *billet-doux* with the air of a courtier, and convey a challenge with a terrific countenance: they seek my company when they can find none more agreeable, and shake me off just when they please: they find me too useful to drop my acquaintance, yet too menial to let me assume the title of friend.

Moubray. Madam, you'll excuse me. [*Exit.*

Emily. Mr. Moubray seemed much disturbed as he left

the room; his temper grows daily more ungovernable; I am at a loss to account for this change of humour. [*Aside.*

Capt. Fitz. I perceive, madam, you are going out this evening; should you not be provided with an escort, though Dennis Fitzwater is not a leader of the ton, he'll make bold to say, there is no one can lead a fair lady with a better grace.

Emily. I feel much obliged to you, captain, but Sir Flippant Modish has promised to attend us; I am surprised, indeed, he is not here by this time.

Capt. Fitz. By my soul, you could not have made a better choice! Sir Flippant is a perfect epitomy of all the fashions of the day, a correct abridgment of all the frivolities of the day, compressed into a duodecimo volume.

Enter SERVANT.

Servant. Sir Flippant Modish, madam.

Enter SIR FLIPPANT.

Sir Flip. My dear madam, I humbly beg your pardon for making you wait, but when you hear the circumstances ——Captain Fitzwater, I beg your pardon, I did not see you.

Capt. Fitz. No offence, my dear Sir, it's not the first time I have been overlooked; both my friends and enemies have the same way with them; the one always overlooked me in promotion, and the other in battle.

Sir Flip. I have no doubt, captain, but you have seen some service in your time.

Capt. Fitz. I have seen better men then myself fall, Sir Flippant; but a British hero never expires, but, Phœnix like, another rises from his ashes.

Sir Flip. You have travelled, too, and learnt the fashions of the different countries of Europe; do you not think the French a very polite people?

Capt. Fitz. True, Sir Flippant, but they look with an evil eye upon a British soldier, as it is a principle inherent in human nature to view, with no very kind regard, the means by which it has suffered chastisement.

Sir Flip. Well, my dear madam, I was going to inform you of the circumstance that prevented me from being punctual

to my appointment: I had promised to attend Mrs. Ringbone and her daughters to the Academical Theatre this evening, and, amid the hurry of my various engagements, I had forgot that I had disposed of myself for the evening to you, and I had the greatest difficulty in the world to disengage myself.

Emily. I am extremely sorry to be the cause of depriving you of the pleasure of such agreeable company.

Sir Flip. I feel no disappointment in that respect, when I have such an accomplished substitute—(*bowing*);—but I sincerely regret losing the pleasure of seeing those charming little fellows, I assure you, madam; their performances are past all belief; and, as to Master Herbert, upon my soul, he's the cleverest little fellow you ever saw! and the German company, oh! it's quite a treat to see them.

Emily. You understand German, Sir Flippant?

Sir Flip. Not a word; but it's the fashion with us men of ton to appear to understand what we know nothing about. Will you give me leave, madam, to attend you? I suppose we shall find the company below. Captain Fitzwater, I am your most obedient.

Capt. Fitz. Sir Flippant Modish, I'm yours—(*Exeunt Sir Flip. and Emily*).—Thy're off, faith; now, to find my little cherub, and pour the soft plaint of love into her ear; stay, I think I hear her footsteps; 'tis she, and in her all that poets could inspire, to tender sonnets and harmonious lines.

(*To be continued in our next.*)

ANECDOTE.

A CERTAIN gentleman took care to speak but coolly of the happiness of the married state before his daughter. "She who marries," said he, "does well; but she who does not marry, does better." "Well then," said she, "I will do well; let those who chuse, do better."

TO THE

EDITOR OF THE LADY'S MUSEUM.

Sir, or Madam, whoever you may be,

I HAVE seen, with unfeigned satisfaction, the commencement of an improved Series of your Lady's Monthly Museum; and desirous of assisting in the delightful task of elevating and adorning the female character, I offer an humble contribution, which, I trust, will not be unacceptable to the taste of your fair readers, nor unimproving to their minds.

Every body has a few leisure minutes in the course of the day; and I have made it my pleasure, for a considerable length of time, to employ those which have fallen to my lot, in compiling a common-place book, for the reception of every anecdote, sentiment, or good remark that has occurred in the course of my reading or observation, which I deemed worthy of record, and likely to furnish, to some young friends of my private acquaintance, a pleasing and instructive companion for a vacant hour. This collection, which I am daily increasing, I purpose very speedily to publish, under the title of the "Nonpareil," or, "Harmless Feast of Wit;" accounting it deserving that name, from the great care that has been, and will be taken, to render it an agreeable little treasury of mirth, perfectly adapted to the perusal of the Ladies. An occasional page of this my compilation shall be at the service of your fair patronesses, forming, I trust, an agreeable acquisition to that delicious repast which you so handsomely (and, to do you justice, with such apparent sincerity) promise them. The reputation which your printers have so deservedly gained by the publication of many very valuable works, leaves me without a doubt that the Lady's Monthly Museum, as devoted to the service, entertainment, and information of the Fair, will long retain that degree of patronage to which its merits give it so ample a claim. As I have always omitted mentioning in my common-place book the sources whence I obtained my literary treasures, I shall present them to you, unaccompanied by any attempt to give that information, deeming it far better entirely to omit it, than run the hazard of incorrectness therein. I shall here

conclude my preface, and, without farther delay, begin what you must allow me to call

N° I. OF THE MELANGE.

To all ladies whom it may concern.

A good wife should be like three things; which three things she should *not* be like.

First. She should be like a snail, to keep within her own house; but she should *not* be like a snail, to carry all she has upon her back.

Secondly. She should be like an echo—to speak when spoken to; but she should *not* be like an echo, always to have the last word.

Thirdly. She should be like a town clock, always to keep time and regularity; but she should *not* be like a town clock, to speak so loud that all the town may hear her.

Epitaph on Mrs. Greenwood, at Clehanger, in Devonshire,

A most delectable specimen of poetical panygeric.

O Death! O Death! thou hast cut down
The fairest Greenwood in the town;
Her worth and amiable qualities were such,
That she certainly deserved a lord or a judge;
But her virtue and great humility,
Made her rather choose a Doctor in Divinity;
For which heroic act, among the rest,
She was justly term'd the Phœnix of her sex;
And, like that bird, a young one she did produce,
One to comfort those who lament her to no use.
My grief for her is so sore,
That I can only add four lines more.
For her, and another good woman's sake,
Never put a blister on a lying-in lady's back,
For in all such disorders any body may have,
It never fails to bring them to the tomb or the grave.

The most eccentric conundrum which I ever remember to have heard, was the following:

Q. Why is a man fond of bathing in a tye-wig like a clergyman going to be admitted into priest's orders?

A. Because he is attached to dive-in-a-tye, alias divinity!!!

A whimsical misapprehension took place at a whist-table, when or where matters not. Three ladies had sat with great impatience, anxiously awaiting the arrival of a captain of sharpshooters, to make a fourth at their favourite afternoon's amusement, namely, a rubber at whist. It grieves me to think it is possible that the mixing, taking up, and laying down fifty-two pieces of pasteboard can occasion the smallest alteration in the temper of any human creature; but, alas! so it has been proved, and, at this meeting, was again illustrated. The captain played delightfully well in the eyes of his partner, while his cards were good, and he followed suit; but an unlucky mistake caused her, in the plenitude of her anxiety, to exclaim, "Bless me, Sir, why don't you trump it." The captain stared, not understanding her, his head being filled with the recollection of recent military manœuvres, till, roused with a repetition—"I say, Sir, why do you not trump it?" he calmly replied—"Why, Madam, if you insist on it, I will do my best," and taking out his bugle-horn, he blew with his full force for near five minutes, to the great discomposure of the nerves of the fair trio.

It is much to be lamented that mirth and gaiety, so desirable as they are to sweeten life, should so seldom be indulged in innocence. Much might be said on this subject, as many are the instances which daily observation points out; but my present remarks are confined to the single circumstance of the sacrifice of *Truth*.

I blush for my sex, when I consider how frequently the benefits of reason and speech (the two great blessings, bestowed on us by the bounty of Providence, to raise us above the level of the brute creation) are perverted to obtain the paltry satisfaction of an unmanly joke, or a laugh at some mistake, into which, by a falsehood, we have led our unsuspecting companion. Surely we degrade ourselves below the brute creation by such conduct: if we possess superior endowments, if we know their uses, and abuse their advantages, we are no longer worthy to be treated as rational creatures, while the proofs are so manifest of our being wanting in one of the greatest ornaments of virtue and religion.

I was led to the foregoing reflection by the following anecdote. The late Dr. Goldsmith, though one of the first characters in literature, was as great a novice in the common occurrences of life. His own heart being perfectly harmless, he imagined every man with whom he was in company to be as ingenuous as himself. Sitting one evening at the tavern where he was accustomed to take his supper, he called for a mutton chop, which was no sooner placed upon the table, than a gentleman near him, with whom he was intimately acquainted, shewed great tokens of uneasiness, and wondered how the Doctor could suffer the waiter to place such a stinking chop before him. "Stinking!" said Goldsmith, "in good truth, I do not smell it."—"I never smelled any thing more unpleasant in my life," answered the gentleman; "the fellow deserves a caning for bringing you meat unfit to eat."—"In good truth," said the poet, relying on his judgment, "I think so too; but I will be less severe in my punishment." He instantly called the waiter, and insisted that he should eat the chop, as a punishment. The waiter resisted; but the Doctor threatened to knock him down with his cane if he did not immediately comply. When he had eaten half the chop, the Doctor gave him a glass of wine, thinking that it would make the remainder of the sentence less painful to him. When the waiter had finished his repast, Goldsmith's friend burst into a loud laugh. "What ails you now?" said the poet. "Indeed, my good friend," said the other, "I could never think that any man whose knowledge of letters is so extensive as yours, could be so great a dupe to a stroke of humour: the chop was as fine a one as ever I saw in my life."—"Was it?" said Dr. Goldsmith, "then I will never give credit to what you say again; and so, in good truth, I think I am even with you." What a truly mortifying answer must this have been, if the heart of his acquaintance was not callous to reproof.

The following epitaph, made by a husband on the decease of his second wife, and who happened to be interred immediately adjoining his former one, is copied from a stone in a church-yard in the county of Kent:

Here lies the body of Sarah Sexton,
Who was a good wife, and never vex'd one;
I can't say that of her at the next stone.

Two curious misapprehensions of a Frenchman, which gave me great diversion.

He was extremely particular in his wishes to pronounce and to converse correctly; and having consulted his dictionary to discover the meaning of the word "press," and finding that it signified to squeeze, he one day, in the midst of a large party of musical friends, desired the master of the house to "*Squeeze one of the ladies to sing.*"

He had also heard one of the servants, when desired by his comrade to assist him in some particular job, giving, as a reason for refusal, that "he had other fish to fry." He treasured the observation with much care, until an opportunity arose of availing himself of it. A friend asking him to take a walk, he replied, "No, Sare, I cannot valk, I must go and fry some fish."

To a lady who complained that her eye was blood-shot.

O be not afraid,
Tho' your eye is all red,
While your cheeks, my dear Kate, are so ruddy.
For so many die
By the stroke of that eye,
No wonder the weapon is bloody.

It was on a journey to the West of England, that I was much delighted by the following artless observations of a countryman. I relate his own words, which were in answer to a man who was concluding a long panegyric on a tombstone, lately erected to the memory of a family who lived in the village many years ago, and which was put up by a relation lately arrived. "I wonder that folks should spend such a power of money on their friends after they be dead, and can know nothing at all of the matter. I was reading the verses of that same tombstone, and cruel fine indeed it was, with iron, and marble, and painted letters. It said a vast deal about the poor dead creature; but I saw by the name it were none of my acquaintance, and so I did not stay to read all. I were more pleased by half with the conceit of Tom Wiggins, the postillion's wife. Poor Tom was run'd over in summer, and he were buried under church-

yard wall; so his wife nailed up a piece of board over his poor head, with half a dozen words or so, and enough of all conscience—I think."

" Here I lays,
" Kill'd by a chaise."

TO THE

EDITOR OF THE LADY'S MUSEUM.

SIR,

SHOULD the following account of Lord Bacon appear to be interesting, by inserting it you will oblige me. It is from Dr. Enfield's History of Philosophy.

Your's, &c.

CRITO.

FRANCIS BACON, LORD VERULAM.

THAT reformation in philosophy, which had been unsuccessfully attempted by Bruno, Cardan, and others, was happily accomplished by that illustrious English philosopher, Lord Bacon, who did more to detect the sources of former errors and prejudices, and to discover and establish the true method of philosophising, than the whole body of philosophers which many preceding ages had produced.

Francis Bacon, Baron of Verulam, and Viscount of St. Alban's, was born in London in the year 1560. His father was Sir Nicholas Bacon, Lord Keeper of the Great Seal, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth. It was the good fortune of Lord Bacon, that he appeared at a time when learning was commonly admired and cultivated among men of rank and fortune, and was even fashionable at court. The singular talents with which nature had endowed him, and his early proficiency in learning, recommended him, whilst a boy, to the particular attention of several of the nobility; and introduced him to the notice of the Queen. Fond of school learning, that princess more than once amused herself with endeavouring to puzzle the young scholar with difficult questions: but his replies discovered such sound judgment, and were expressed in such manly language, that the Queen was exceedingly delighted with him, and used to call him her

young Lord Keeper. At twelve years of age he was entered a student at Cambridge, and placed under the tuition of Dr. Whitgift, the master of Trinity college, afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury. Here he applied with great ardour to the study of the sciences, particularly of the Aristotelian philosophy, which still continued to be taught in the English schools; but before he had attained his sixteenth year, he began to be dissatisfied with a method of philosophising which was rather adapted to create disputes than to promote the happiness of human life, and determined, if possible, to strike out some more promising way of investigating truth than the Stagyrite, or any of the antients had discovered.

After he had passed through the usual course of academical studies, Bacon was sent by his father to France with the ambassador, Sir Amias Pawlet, in order to introduce him to the knowledge of political science, and enlarge his acquaintance with the world. How well he profited by this tour, appears from the judicious observations "on the State of Europe," which he wrote in his eighteenth year. His father's death, which happened suddenly, during his visit to France, left him, who was the youngest of five brothers, in circumstances which rendered it necessary for him to engage in some lucrative profession; and he entered upon the study of the law, in Gray's-Inn. Here his superior talents, supported by indefatigable industry, soon made him an eminent proficient in the English law; and he was, by the favour of Elizabeth, appointed one of her council extraordinary. In the mean time he never lost sight of his favourite object; for it was during this period of his life that he formed the outline of his great work, "the Instauration of the Sciences," in a treatise, to which he gave the vaunting title of *Temporis Partus maximus*, "the greatest Birth of Time;" an expression of vanity of which he afterwards repented, as appears from a letter to Father Fulgentio, of Venice. This piece is not found among his works.

From this time Bacon appears upon the public theatre of the political world. But neither his great abilities, nor his accomplished manners, nor the interest of Essex, the Queen's favourite, nor even the favour of the Queen herself (for she often consulted him on affairs of state,) could so far overcome the jealousy of the ministers, and the spirit of faction,

as to obtain for him any advantageous post. At last Essex, who had in vain solicited public favour for his friend, and who saw him now almost driven by spleen and resentment to forsake his country, from his own private bounty presented him with a valuable estate, which he afterwards sold for eighteen hundred pounds. And we must add, though it is an indelible blot upon the memory of this great man, that after the disgraceful execution of Essex, he had the disingenuity to write, at the instigation of the ministry, a formal justification of their conduct, at the expense of the reputation of his friend and benefactor. All the obsequiousness of Bacon could not, however, procure him the favour of the court; and it was not till James the First ascended the throne, that he obtained any reward for his superior learning and abilities more substantial than the empty breath of fame. By means of his excellent treatise "On the Advancement of Learning," he soon obtained access to that prince, who valued himself upon being a patron of learning; and notwithstanding the violent opposition of the Earl of Salisbury, and Sir Edward Coke, he obtained, in the year 1607, the place, which he had long desired, of Solicitor General. In the midst of the engagements of this office he continued, however, to pursue his philosophical researches; for in 1610, he published his treatise "On the Wisdom of the Ancients."

In 1613, Sir Francis Bacon (for James had, soon after his accession, conferred upon Bacon the honour of knighthood) was appointed Attorney General; an office, the profits of which amounted to six thousand pounds a year. This income, together with the wealth he had acquired by marriage, and from other sources, might justly have been expected to have raised so eminent a philosopher above all temptation to servility and peculation. But ambition seduced this great man from the path of integrity. In order to obtain the honourable post of Lord High Chancellor of England, he descended to the meanest and most unwarrantable artifices. He endeavoured to destroy the popularity of his rival, Sir Edward Coke; he made use of undue influence in the House of Commons, and he yielded implicit submission to the will and humour of the Prince. By these arts, in the year 1617, Sir Francis obtained the seals, with the title of Lord Keeper; and in the year 1618, was created Lord High

Chancellor of England, with the title of Baron of Verulam, which he the next year changed for that of Viscount St. Alban's.

But neither the avocations of the court, nor the labours of his office, could entice him from his favourite studies. In the year 1620 he published a work on which he had been engaged twelve years, and which obtained him immortal honour, his *Novum Organon Scientiarum*, " New Organ of the Sciences."

In the midst of Lord St. Alban's splendour and wealth, an incident occurred which proved ruinous to his fortune, and at the same time to his reputation. The King, in order to supply his extravagancies, among other expedients, made use of illegal patents for monopolies. To these patents the learned Chancellor, through the instigation of the Duke of Buckingham, had affixed the Great Seal. The whole proceeding gave much offence to the public; complaints respecting these unjust and oppressive monopolies were brought into parliament; and the Duke of Buckingham, to extricate himself out of this hazardous situation, persuaded the King to lay the blame upon the Lord Chancellor. The King, whose fondness for Buckingham exceeded all bounds, listened to the proposals, and even prevailed upon Lord St. Alban's to submit his conduct to public examination, without attempting his own defence, or being present at the trial; promising, on his royal word, to screen him in the last determination of the court, or, if that could not be done, to make him ample recompence. The consequence was, that the Lord Chancellor was, in 1621, accused before the House of Lords of bribery and corruption, and sentenced to undergo a fine of forty thousand pounds, to be imprisoned in the Tower during the King's pleasure, to be for ever incapable of holding any public office, and never to sit again in parliament, or come within the verge of the court. After a short confinement in the Tower, the King gave him his liberty, and about three years afterwards revoked the whole sentence by an entire pardon. Lord St. Alban's was thus restored to his honours, and men seemed willing to forget that so great a man had ever been capable of offending. From this time, however, mortified no doubt by the recollection of his public disgrace, and the consciousness of hav-

ing too well deserved it, he declined all concern in affairs of state, and devoted himself to retirement and study. It was during these last years of his life, which were clouded with care, as well as loaded with regret, that Lord Bacon wrote the greater part of his valuable works.

After having been for some time in a declining state, he died, in the year 1626, of a fever, which was occasioned by pursuing, with more application than his strength would bear, certain experiments respecting the preservation of bodies.

Without dwelling upon a subject so humiliating as the inconsistencies and blemishes of a great and exalted mind, we will immediately proceed to consider Bacon in the light in which he will unquestionably be admired by the most remote posterity, as, among the moderns, the first great improver of philosophy.

Possessing, by nature, a strong and penetrating judgment, and having inured himself from his childhood to a habit of close attention and deep thinking, Bacon was capable of taking an accurate and comprehensive survey of the regions of knowledge, and of thoroughly examining the foundations of those structures which had hitherto been honoured with the title of systems of philosophy. His first great attempt in philosophy was his incomparable treatise "On the Advancement of Learning," first published in English, and afterwards translated by himself, with the assistance of some of his friends, into Latin.

[*To be continued.*]

ANECDOTE OF SIR WM. GOUCH.

NOTHING is unworthy of publication which may convey an useful lesson to mankind. When Sir William Gouch was Governor of Virginia, being in conversation with a gentleman in a street in the city of Williamsburg, he returned the salute of a poor negro, who was passing by about his master's business. "Sir," said the gentleman, "does your honour descend so far as to salute a slave?"—"Why," replied the Governor, "Yes. I cannot suffer a man of his condition to exceed me in good manners."

ON THE

CULTURE OF THE FEMALE MIND,

ADDRESSED TO A FRIEND.

I HAVE so long been detached from literary society, and absorbed in the ordinary occupations of life, that it is not without much difficulty I resume my former train of ideas; yet I will not totally decline the correspondence you wish me to engage in, but try to rub off the rust which my mind has contracted in this retreat. My communications will not be very valuable; but, by complying with your request, I shall, at least, give you, what most people prize, your own way, and do myself some service in attempting to please you.

You blame my retirement: allow me to account for it. Some circumstances, which it is not necessary for me to particularise, led me, at a very early period, to make some literary attempts, which I afterwards had reason to repent. I imprudently began to display before I had learned; and felt, at length, that self-reproach which such folly would naturally bring after it. A quickness of sensibility, too, made me alive to every circumstance of disgrace: I felt I had exposed myself; and the keenness of the satire levelled against me, poignantly entered my bosom, and prepared my mind for deeper investigations. Wiser friends pointed out to me many unfortunate victims of vanity, and made me clearly discern the different means by which they were rendered either miserable or ridiculous. My mind had been prepared to feel the force of their remarks; they fixed my attention, and made me most seriously examine myself; my deficiencies became manifest, and I blushed again at my futile endeavours to attract the attention of the world, and was only anxious to inform my mind and fix my principles.

The great danger of indulging any extreme is, that, on quitting it, the mind, in general, flies to the opposite. This, in some measure, has been my case. The conviction of the emptiness of my youthful attempts has driven me into a more than necessary retirement; but such is the lot of humanity, that our feelings and reason seldom poise each

other rightly. All we can do is, to endeavour to rectify them, without allowing our activity to lead to vanity, or our humility to inaction.

Reflections, such as these, have caused me to check the career I had begun; and occupations of a very different nature have ever since filled my time, and forced my attention into other channels.

During my retirement, I have often considered how far the objections of certain persons, against the culture of the female mind, are justly founded. There are, too, many instances, I own, of women of extensive capacities, or warm imaginations, who have degraded themselves, not only by excessive follies, but by the lowest vices. Other women have esteemed themselves learned from the possession of some miscellaneous knowledge; and, by a ridiculous parade, have brought contempt on themselves, and ridicule on whatever they have interfered with. Such a perversion of talents, or abuse of superior opportunities, when contrasted with the simple modesty of the unassuming, has brought female acquirements with many into disrepute. Some well-meaning men, too, have considered that the province of women did not lay so far from home, and, that the risk of allowing them to enlarge their minds was greater than the possible advantages which might ensue; that the errors they committed, when drawn out to public notice, were peculiar to the sex, rather than the general weakness of human nature: for though men of talents, they have urged, are often guilty of enormous derelictions of reason and principle, yet they generally tread on surer footing, and, in spite of their extravagancies, are mostly capable of being useful when they cease to be wicked; but that women, who leave the path of prudence and virtue, are not easily to be restored.

These observations are so plausible, that, did they not lead to erroneous conclusions, they could not be too much dwelt on. The eccentricities, the sufferings of women who have once passed the bounds which custom imposes on them, whether led on by pleasure or vanity, are so terrible, so awful in their consequences, that it becomes an object of general interest to investigate the various sources of their errors. But, surely, we are not to lay the blame on knowledge, be-

cause there have been splendid examples of depravity, unless we could prove that innocence and ignorance dwelt together. The absurdities and miseries which are peculiar to our sex, appear to me to proceed from the want of a more regular system of education, or of more certain employments. If a woman be flattered into thinking herself a phenomenon, she will expect to surprise, and her attempts will be likely to throw her off her poise; for, as her knowledge has been been acquired by irregular snatches, she will rarely possess the solidity necessary to give weight to her pretensions. Her genius will work on unconnected masses: she will assert boldly, but when she reasons she will entwine herself in labyrinths, and her endeavours to extricate herself from them will excite ridicule. Men are brought up regularly to science, art, or labour, and in each case acquire ease in their profession, and the constant means of employment. This is seldom the case with women: hence they are liable to become idle or absurd; for, as they are seldom educated for any fixed purpose, their accomplishments are superficial: and, when they excel in any of their pursuits, it is owing to some peculiar energy in their own mind; the consciousness of which gives rise to conceit and pedantry: but the ease of a master's hand rarely is attained when a good foundation is not laid in youth.

From this defective education we are almost always deficient, whether we attempt to exert our faculties with a view to literary eminence, or to earning a maintenance. Hence we are rendered too dependant on the other sex; and if, unfortunately, thrown from their protection, liable to be exposed to innumerable difficulties and distresses. But this evil appears remediable, and consistently with the present state of things; and every attempt to remedy it, and give more regularity and importance to female education, must be of general good to society. Every thing that is completely learned becomes useful, and is no longer a matter of vanity. Could this be clearly understood, women would fill, with more dignity, their proper stations in life, and would not enter their families incapable of all mental enjoyments, possessing a wisdom not paramount to the geometry of the inhabitants of Laputa.

I am confident that cultivation is necessary even to give

the very character which some men expect from ignorance, to give us humility, and make us independent of cunning. A well-tutored mind will be humble in proportion to its power of discerning truth; for every truth in nature is a curb to human vanity. Cunning is the struggle of weakness to fulfil a will it has not courage to execute openly. Give the mind dignity, and it will only fear to be base.

Of all the works of the Creator, *mind* is certainly the most noble and wonderful!—it seems to evade our own researches. Curious, yet in vain searching for the source of its opertions; actuated by a will which we cannot understand, and sensible of a state of ignorance which humbles the reflective powers of the soul; possessing desires which we in vain endeavour to gratify; and a power of discernment liable to a thousand distortions. It is capable of every thing that is amiable and sublime, and of the vilest and most offensive depravity. To maintain its simplicity, to give it its full vigour, yet keep it unpolluted, is the office of the guardians of youth; and here we may learn the importance of right sentiments in those who look forward to be mothers of families. A mother is the nearest and tenderest of the guardians of youth; and how can that mother perform this task whose mind has been degraded by trivial pursuits, who is neither wise nor humble, incapable of directing, or of being directed? The mind contracts this degree of torpidity and weakness merely from the want of culture; for every being possesses a share of reason capable of being rendered useful. The mind is naturally active, and should early be supplied with matter adequate to its faculties. A worthy object will fill it with ardour and dignity, and raise it above many of the follies of society. To learn our own place in the scale of human beings, to "trace Nature up to Nature's God," is a study calculated to impress us with humility, and open our hearts to piety. If we read aright the volume of Nature, we shall there find nothing to lead astray, nothing to disturb the peace. Such objects of contemplation will keep taste pure, and the fancy sober.

True dignity arises from enlarged and clear views, and therefore is seldom our lot; but could men feel how much it was their interest to give us this elevation, there would be perhaps more stability bestowed on our education, and

thousands might be thereby saved from folly and vice. If women of a middling class were regularly trained to useful employments, and if the accomplishments of those of a superior class or genius in society had a higher import than that of ornament, their natural faculties would have a fairer trial than they have yet had, and means of employment would be more certain; hence many of the avenues of error would be closed, and the exertions of women meet their just reward. As things stand, we are often disgusted with the ostentatious and empty display of female acquirements, and view the disorder of neglected families as the natural consequence of the perversion of their female conductors. But when we see a woman employ her talents usefully in the sphere of life fortune has placed her in, when we see her the support of her family, and anxious for the welfare of the rising generation, employing her genius to give spirit to the langour of society, we feel the force of her influence, and the good consequence of early fortifying the female mind against vanity and idleness, by making what is taught *real knowledge*, and rearing women to fill some certain sphere in life.

The will must be rectified by strengthening the principles: then information cannot be too abundant; for as no perfect judgment can be formed without an entire knowledge of what we contemplate, so the more we know, the greater our chance of arriving near the truth. There exists a certain general knowledge necessary to all right reason, without which the human mind will ever be a prey to the designing. This opens the mind to truths which give it a degree of experience without destroying its innocence.

But each sex, each individual, has objects particularly essential to its consideration, which should never be overlooked, lest they lose themselves by wandering too much in general ideas. Women must think of their relative situation in society, and the peculiar errors and miseries they are liable to; they should search their sources, and steadily avoid them. If we see a friend ridiculous, in avoiding her particular error we do little; but if we reason back, and find that vanity occasioned it, we fix our attention to its source, and shall perceive numerous other follies flowing from the same fountain. By such close observations we

may learn to judge fairly, and apply to ourselves the benefit of our conclusions. And though we may not be able wholly to supply the deficiencies of education, we may put what we have to the best use, and avoid pretending to more than we possess.

On some future occasion, I will further exemplify my meaning. I have already advanced sufficient to allow you to form a judgment of the principles I go on. The opinion I have hazarded is only applying two acknowledged principles to my own sex—that a little knowledge is a dangerous thing, and that idleness leads to vice.

E. L.

ON THE

USE OF STUDYING PICTURES,

From Price's Essays on the Picturesque.

THE use of studying pictures is not merely to make us acquainted with the combinations and effects that are contained in them, but to guide us by means of those general heads (as they may be called) of composition, in our search of the numberless and untouched varieties and beauties of nature; for as he who studies art only will have a confined taste, so he who looks at nature only, will have a vague and unsettled one; and in this more extended sense I should interpret the Italian proverb, "*Chi s'insegna, ha un pazzo per maestro:* He is a fool who does not profit by the experience of others."

We are therefore to profit by the experience contained in pictures, but not to content ourselves with that experience only; nor are we to consider even those of the highest class as absolute and infallible standards, but as the best and only ones we have; as compositions, which, like those of the great classical authors, have been consecrated by long uninterrupted admiration, and which therefore have a similar claim to influence our judgment, and to form our taste in all that is within their province. These are the reasons for studying *copies* of nature, though the *original* is before us, that we may not lose the benefit of what is of such great

moment in all arts and sciences, the accumulated experience of past ages; and, with respect to the art of improving, we may look upon pictures as a set of experiments of the different ways in which trees, buildings, water, &c. may be disposed, grouped, and accompanied in the most beautiful and striking manner, and in every style, from the most simple and rural to the grandest and most ornamental: many of those objects, that are scarcely marked as they lie scattered over the face of nature, when brought together in the compass of a small space of canvas, are forcibly impressed upon the eye, which, by that means, learns how to separate, to select, and combine.

Who can doubt whether Shakespeare and Fielding had not infinitely more amusement from society, in all its various views, than common observers? I believe it can be as little doubted, that the having read such authors must give any man (however acute his penetration) more enlarged views of human nature in general, as well as a more intimate acquaintance with particular characters, than he would have had from the observation of nature only; that many groups of characters, many combinations of incidents, which might otherwise have escaped his notice, would forcibly strike him, from the recollection of scenes and passages from such writers; that in all these cases the pleasure we receive from what passes in real life is rendered infinitely more poignant by a resemblance to what we have read or have seen on the stage. But will any man argue from thence that these characters and incidents have no intrinsic merit, but merely that which is derived from their having been made use of by great and admired authors; the parallel between this and the assistance which painting gives towards an accurate as well as a comprehensive view of nature is so obvious as hardly to require pointing out.

ANECDOTE.

A MISER, who was asked why he had married a girl from his own kitchen, said, "that the union was attended with a double advantage, it saved him not only the expence of a wife, but the tax on a servant."

MAC— BLUNDER.

Continued from page 39.

THE cow was, at last, led down to the beach, and, on arriving with her at the water's edge, poor unthinking Mac— met with new difficulties, to which the confident security of his vacant mind had lent no expectation. Yet they proved to be more insurmountable than any he had encountered, being of a nature equally unyielding to sober circumspection, as to the storming assaults by which he, commonly, forced the obstacles that opposed him. It was the hurried moment of departure. The fleet, obeying the signal for sailing, was crowding, in full canvass, out of the harbour, and all the cutters, boats, scullers—every vessel capable of carrying an oar, or a sail, was gone off, at an exorbitant hire, with some one in danger of being left behind. No boat was to be had, at any price. This was an impediment which might easily have been prevented, but it was an obstacle in Mac—'s broad path, which had never entered into his calculations. Still it could neither be removed nor trampled down. Method and force, prudence and rashness were here equally unavailing. It was an obstruction which could neither be overcome by rude nor systematic means. Mac— was now arrived at his ultimatum—checked by the ocean, he could no longer blunder on. He cursed, and raved, and swore, and implored the people standing by, all to no purpose! Prayers and imprecations were alike fruitless. Every boat was gone! Thus arrested, and unable to force circumstances to his end, giddy Mac— became almost frantic, and seeing the ships rapidly getting out to sea, he gave vent to his feelings in all the acuteness of unexpected disappointment. Storming with rage, he swore and prayed alternately—now cursed the cow; then abused the man—ran into the different shops, uttering lamentations—plied every one passing with questions—begged the boatmen to give him assistance—offered persuasions, entreaties, rewards—but all in vain! None could give him aid. No boat remained, nor any possible means of getting either himself or the cow to the ship.

He observed the fleet putting to sea; fancied he saw the Lord Sheffield dropping down to St. Helen's, and loudly deplored the loss of his passage; then, turning to the cow, renewed his curses upon her for detaining him; and again loaded the man with oaths for not sooner taking her on board. It also now occurred to his recollection, that he was separated from his baggage, and would have to remain without a change of garment throughout the voyage; and again he appealed to the boatmen in anxious solicitude, some of whom only smiled at his dilemma, while some regarded him with cold indifference, and others, more awake to his distress, endeavoured to soothe, and encourage him with hope. "What can I do, good fellows?" cried poor defeated Mac—, "what shall I do? what can I do? D——n this cow! Shall I, sailors, must I lose my passage? Can none of you help me? Shall I, must I be left behind?"

The fleet still advanced. The full canvass spread every mast, and the ships, in crowded succession, continued to put to sea. Poor Mac— looked stedfastly towards them, his eye intent upon the Lord Sheffield; then, suddenly turning round, he again saw the patient cow, who, equally unconscious of his distress, as that she was the cause of it, had quietly laid herself down to ruminate her cud upon the sands. Finding new provocation in the poor animal's composure—"I shall," exclaimed Mac— "I must, I shall be left behind! Curse that cow, d——n the cow! I shall, I shall be left behind!" Then again turning to the boatmen, he solicited them, in new entreaties, to take him off with, or without the cow, forgetting how useless it were to urge the men, when there was nothing to be had in the shape of a boat.

Still the little, fat, improvident man cursed, and swore, and stamped, and stormed, begged, entreated, and implored, but all to no purpose. The stumbling block of impossibility was in his path: and it might have taught him that engagements are, sometimes, more easily undertaken than accomplished; but it was not among his qualities—to benefit by experience.

Cabinet of Fashion,

WITH ELEGANT COLOURED PLATES.

MORNING DRESS.

Round Dress of Pink Muslin, trimmed down the Front with Lace Footing; Cloak of worked Leno, lined with Straw-coloured Sarsnet, and trimmed with White Lace; Head fashionably drest with the Cantab Hat.

FULL DRESS.

A close Dress of White Sarsnet, bordered with painted Flowers, and Train of Pale Green Crape; Gold Broach; Head-Dress, consisting of a deep White Veil thrown carelessly over, and falling down the Back, Gold Comb, and Buff Gloves.

MORNING DRESS. FULL DRESS.

Published Aug 1st 1806 by Vernor Hood & Sharp Poultry. Lewis del. & sculpt.

BRITISH MUSEUM
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SEP

THE

APOLLONIAN WREATH.

ELDRED AND ELFRIDA:

AN HISTORICAL BALLAD.

ON the rude heath the moon-beams pale
Shed a soft glimm'ring light;
While clash of weapons in the gale
Proclaim'd a distant fight.

Through the rough way Elfrida flew,
With features wan and pale;
For dusky terror's lived hue
Cast on her brow a veil.

The deep gore-blood which stain'd her way
Appal'd her frighted eye,
And broken spears, which scatter'd lay,
Prov'd the war-fiend was nigh.

The lofty pines, which o'er her head
Wav'd in the passing wind,
A sad and gloomy horror spread
Upon her troubled mind.

"Where is my Eldred?" cried the maid;
"Lives he? or does he lie
"Where mangled heaps of martyr'd dead
"Appal the gazing eye?"

"And who is he, whom thus you seek?"
Enquir'd a flying Dane;
Whose broken gauntlet still did reek
With gore of Britons slain.

"Sir Eldred," cried th' affrighted fair,
"Of Mercia's plains the pride;
"Who seeks the battle's chance to share
"By warlike Harold's side."

The Dane reply'd, " the chief I hate,
" Since he our ranks resists;
" But yet I know not of his fate,
" Or if he still exists.

" But in a cave, with ivy bound,
" Hard by a Sibyl dwells,
" Who all your questions can expound,
" By magic arts and spells."

Elfrida sought the ivied cave
In which the Sibyl dwelt,
And thrice obedience she gave,
And thrice before her knelt.

A heap of spears, with blood imbrued,
Lay scatter'd on the floor;
And round this horrid cell were strew'd
Bones stain'd with human gore.

A gloomy lamp's reflected rays,
Which on the Sibyl fell,
Disclos'd, in part, a wither'd face,
Decay'd by noisome spell.

As round Elfrida cast her eye
Her bosom beat with fear,
And thrice her bosom heav'd a sigh,
And thrice she shed a tear.

" Fear not, fair maid," the Sibyl cried,
" Since I foresee thy want;
" And e'er the moon from hence shall glide,
" Thy wishes will I grant."

The Sibyl mutter'd o'er a charm,
And ponder'd o'er a book;
And thrice she rais'd her wither'd arm,
And thrice her wand she shook.

" And now," she cried, " the hour draws nigh
" Which shall your fate decide;
" Whether your valiant love shall die,
" Or bloom in warlike pride.

" He dies," the Sibyl cried again,
" I hear his parting groan;
" The bird of death begins his strain
" With solitary moan."

She drew Elfrida's icy arm
Within her shrivell'd hands,
And now, amidst the war's alarm,
She with the Sibyl stands,

Near where her chief, expiring, lay,
Gasping for life and breath,
His spirit fleeting fast away,
And sinking into death.

The maid, with agony appall'd,
Gaz'd on his mangled frame,
And with a phrenzied voice she call'd
Upon his much-lov'd name.

"And art thou come?" with languid voice,
She heard her Eldred cry;
"My soul shall now once more rejoice,
"Ere yet my body die.

"Thy gentle voice will soothe the pain
"Which on my vitals preys;
"And seeing my lov'd maid again,
"I happy close my days.

"And why on earth should I remain
"A prey to wretchedness,
"Since Harold, our brave king, is slain,
"And Danes our land possess?

"Could he, of whom when Mercians spoke
"They ever call'd the brave,
"Submit to wear a Danish yoke,
"And be a robber's slave?

"No! rather bless the fated hour
"When now thy Eldred dies;
"Nor lives to see rapacious pow'r
"O'er Britons tyrannize.

"Since we shall meet no more to part,
"Where virtue claims its meed:"
Then pressing on his fluttering heart,
His soul from clay was freed.

And now the broken-hearted maid,
Frantic, on Eldred cried;
And now her fainting limbs she laid
By her pale lover's side;

'Till heaven, in pity to her love,
In death restor'd her peace;
And bless'd the pair with joys above,
Which never more shall cease.

CLEONICUS.

ELEGY

On the death of a Lady, aged 21 Years.

BY JOHN STOYLE.

INSATIATE Death! by thy extensive sway
All sublunary excellence must fade;
Youth's fairest flowers beneath thy power decay
In desolation's empire prostrate laid.

Ah! why so early has thy direful blow,
From earth fair virtue's dear disciple torn?
Why thus o'erspread the parent's cheek with woe,
By unavailing tears, the loss to mourn?

Be calm, my soul! such was the will of Heaven;
Such was Jehovah's mandate from his throne.
By him alone the vital spark was given,
And, lo! he justly claims it for his own.

For hark! what strains seraphic strike the ear
Of faith, and sweetly soothe the sorrowing breast;
Harmoniously dispelling every fear;
" Her gentle spirit's fled to endless rest.

" No storms of time can e'er her peace annoy,
" To heavenly pastures near her Saviour's side
" She's gone, where rivers of consummate joy
" Beneath the throne of God for ever glide."

Thither may I, with ardent zeal, look up.
That day, for which all ages were design'd,
Shall still increase my renovated hope,
And sympathy create new strength of mind.

Awful, yet pleasing day! when we shall meet,
And with the company of martyrs join
In hymns of love, our long lost friends to greet,
And drink the fountain-head of love divine.

FROM A GENTLEMAN TO HIS WIFE,

On the Sixth Anniversary of their Wedding-Day.

FRIEND of my heart, by favoring heaven bestowed,
My lov'd companion in life's various road,
Now six swift years have winged their flight away
Since yon bright sun adorned our nuptial day.
For thy sweet smiles, that all my joys improve,
Soothe all my griefs, and all my pains remove;
For thy sweet converse, ever formed to please,
With prudence lively, sensible with ease;
To thee the Muse awakes her tuneful lay,
My thanks of gratitude sincere to pay.
Thus long may Hymen hold for us his reign,
And twine with wreaths of flowers his easy chains.
Still may fond love, and firmest truth be mine,
Still wealth and peace, and happiness, be thine.

DESPAIR.

THE anguish of my bursting heart
  Till now my tongue has not betrayed;
Despair, at last, reveals that smart
  No time can cure, no hope can aid.

My sorrows, drawing towards the grave,
  No more shall pain thy gentle breast;
Think death gives comfort to the slave;
  Nor mourn for me, when I'm at rest.

But if, at night, you chance to stray
  Where silent sleeps the peaceful dead,
Give to your kind compassion way,
  Nor check the tears love bids you shed.

But when the precious tears shall fall—
  I ne'er can know, I ne'er can see.
And if your thoughts should me recall,
  Your sighs will rise, unheard by me.

T. F. L.

THE TRIBUTE OF FLORA,

Written on the 8th of July, during a shower.

BY MR. PRATT.

" HAIL, hail ye RAINS! I feel your powers!"
So sung the fragrant Queen of Flowers—
" My fading foliage sickly grown,
" Autumn usurping summer's throne;
" My blossoms blasted by the sun
" Ere scarce their vernal life begun;
" Extended on the burning bed,
" And well nigh number'd with the dead;
" Each lucid drop, thus gently given,
" Embalms the earth, and breathes of heaven!

" Already see my children rise
" With od'rous incense to the skies;
" Their freshen'd spirits, from the ground
" Ascend to waft the fragrance round!

" Hail then ye rains!—No! hail the POWER,
" The GOD of sunshine and of shower!
" To HIM alone shall FLORA raise
" The song of gratitude and praise.
" To HIM the earth, the seas, the air,
" Shall pour the tributary prayer:
" All, all shall worship at HIS shrine,
" And MAN, in chief, the homage join!"

ON A ROSE ALMOST DEAD.

GO, drooping flower, by heat oppressed,
Go, and revive on Mary's breast:
Her lovely breast shall all excell;
Go there, my rose, go there and dwell.
For not the vale, nor yet the hill,
Which summer gales with fragrance fill,
Not Flora's temples, when she's drest,
Are half so fair as Mary's breast.
Were I to live till I were old,
And pinch'd by keen December's cold,
I should revive, were I to rest
My aged head on Mary's breast.
Go, lovely flower, by heat oppressed,
Go, and revive on Mary's breast!

H. W.

TO A FRIEND.

SOFT is the union that our friendship binds,
Silken the chains that tie our captive minds;
Subdued to love, one common fate we share—
I taste your sorrows, and you feel my care.

In life's long doleful night of poignant woe
We all calamity must undergo,
Amidst surrounding ills we jointly stray
And tread with trembling steps the doubtful way.

O, may our friendship adamantine prove,
One constant day of harmony and love,
Not chilled by absence, nor subdued by strife,
Indissoluble tye, in death and life!

M.

TO THE ROBIN RED BREAST.

POOR tenant of the wint'ry waste,
The object of my early care,
Sweet Robin! to my cottage haste,
And share with me my humble fare.

Here, at my plain, but welcome board,
Which costly viands never deck,
The crumbs which freely I afford,
You may those crumbs as freely peck.

When Winter's cheeks are dew'd with tears,
Here you may safely take your rest;
Then banish all your twittering fears,
And Robin, haste, and be my guest.

Know all this moral to be true,
With which I close my little lay:
Whate'er kind actions man may do,
The best of Beings will repay.

LOUISA.

ACROSTIC.

R eturn, sweet Nymph! to Larga's vale once more,
O come! thy presence gladness will restore;
S o shall sweet May her genial influence yield,
I n fragrant robes so deck each grove and field:
N ow, by thy absence, drops the Muse her lay,
A nd music's power no pleasuse can convey.

H ave pity then, and bless our vale again:
U nless thou come, no more shall wake the strain;
N o more the swains shall dance in merry plight,
T he song no more shall give our hearts delight;
E strang'd by thee, how lonely seem these plains!
R eturn again, and boundless pleasure reigns.

Largs. J. C.

CHARADE.

My first is the name of a fam'd British queen,
Who reign'd in the days of great Churchill I ween;
My next is an instrument made from a quill,
With an heiress my third you may do if she will;
My fourth is a place where our heroes convene,
And my last sweetly chimes when victorious they've been;
My whole is most charming and lovely to view,
By all ranks admired, and is equall'd by few.

Glasgow. J. C.

NOTES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The "*Biographical Sketch*" of Lady C. L. is deferred, till we procure the portrait.

R's "*Letter on the Marriage State*" shall appear in some future number.

The "*Perplexed Poet*," "*Frantic Jesse*," and "*Dr. Perfect's Verses*," are received, as also are M. P's. "*Birth-Day Lines*," addressed to a child, and other favours.

Two or three copies of verses we are obliged to set aside, not deeming them correct enough for publication. The latter part of G's. lines to a young lady are a flat contradiction to the former.

"*Theodore Blab's Comedy*," and "*Village Tattle*," will appear in order.

The substance of "*Leander's Letter*" is forestalled by our former number.

G. P's. Letter is too uniformly serious for the Lady's Museum, and is better adapted to some theological publication, where it might prove very acceptable.

We avoid political matters, and must therefore suppress the "*Pensive Tribute*," as it would be thought to convey censure on His Majesty's present Ministers; but we shall be much obliged to J. M. L. or any other of our poetical readers, for a metrical solution of the enigmas in our last.

We return thanks to our new correspondent for his Number of the Melange, which appears in our Miscellany of this month. As we think it will be highly acceptable to our fair readers, a continuance of his favours is earnestly requested.

Erratum. In our last, in the "*Essay on Poetical Genius*," p. 5. l. 21, for *more common men*, read *mere common men*.

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W. M. Craig del. — S. Mackenzie sc.

Her Royal Highness Princess Amelia

Published by Vernor & C.° Sep.r 1.st 1806